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Chapter 1: Hurt

[image]

Ashfur's POV

The sun was setting above like a big yellow disk the Twolegs play with and the grass felt warm under my paws, the wind softly brushed my pelt and I sat with my back hunched over in mental pain looking at my mate's emerald eyes as my best friend Brambleclaw stood by her flickering his tail.

"Squirrelflight." I choaked, "I still love you." Her facial expression stayed solid at my words not even a fracture in her face.

"Ashfur," She turned to meet Brambleclaw's glowing amber eyes, "I'm in love with Brambleclaw now." Brambleclaw grazed his tail underneath her flank. The furs on my pelt pricked up and I felt a growl building up in my throat.

"Just like that! You just get rid of me?!" I exclaimed, "Like ...I'm...I'm a fox?"

Squirrelflight's ears pricked and she turned towards me. "No, Ashfur it isn't like that."

"It sure sounds like it!" I hissed and she sighed.

"I don't love you Ashfur."

Those words felt like claws digging into my pelt. "After everything," I paused to sniffle. "I did f-for you. After all the time we spent together..."

She blinked free of any emotion, "And that made me realize that I love Brambleclaw."

"I thought we were going to be together!" I cried. "I wanted to father kits with you!"

"Ashfur, I'm sorry. I just don't love you anymore." She said blankly causing me to hiss.

"Anymore?" My tail swang side to side in irritation. She cleared her throat, "I'm not even sure if I ever loved you." My heart might as well be thrown in a river of white rapids at that very moment.

"Love? We shared the same nest was that in all of Starclan's sake not good enough for you!?" I stood up and looked as my vision of Brambleclaw morphed from a Warrior, and friend, to a figure of bitter, disgusting mice droppings.

"Yes, but now I share one with Brambleclaw." She paused looking back at him. "He's my mate."

"I'm supposed to be you're mate," I growled. "I can't believe you would do this to me!"

"It is just how I feel." She spoke dimly, refusing to make eye contact with me...

'Avoiding me like I'm green cough... Coward.' My claws drove into the soft dark soil uprooting the grass.

"Coward!" I wailed towards Squirrelflight, causing her to back away from me and take shelter behind Brambleclaw. I closed my eyes and felt a light pressure on my shoulder. The tears just dripped out of my shut light misty eyes.

"Don't take it so hard." A voice coaxed, "I'll take good care of her."

I opened my eyes and saw Brambleclaw's paw on my shoulder. I swatted at his paw, "Don't touch me!" I hissed, "This is all you're fault!"

"I'm sorry, but that's just how she feels." Brambleclaw purred. "I'm

her mate now." He rubbed his cheek against hers.

"What kind of a friend are you?!" I hissed at Brambleclaw who just put his paw up to his chin.

"How could you steal Squirrelflight from me!?"

"Squirrelflight, my sweet carnation." Brambleclaw called to her and she quickly responded.

"Yes?" Brambleclaw pointed to the nests with his tail. "I'm just going to speak privately to Ashfur, so go sleep, I'll be in there shortly."

"Ok." She padded happily along to the warrior's den and disappeared under the thisile.

"You stole her!" I snapped. "Why would you do this to me Brambleclaw?"

"Oh, it was easy." He began to groom himself with his paw, "You are so gullible Ashfur."

I paused to think about what he just said, "Gullible?"Brambleclaw laughed heartily at my response.

"Mouse brain!" He cheered as his eyes glinted against the surviving light of the sun. "I was never you're friend!"

"What?" My voice was edged with confusion. Causing the tabby to speak with his teeth bared, "I never liked you..." He grew a paw print closer to me and another and another. "You really think that we were like kin?"

I started to skid my paws back every time he got closer to me.

"I don't understand!" My voice lashed. "You're not making any sense!"

"Oh, Ashfur so much to learn..." He came so close that my paws tripped when trying to scoot away from him and I fell harshly on my back.

Brambleclaw stood over me in amusement, "I may not be like my father or my brother, but that doesn't mean that I can't manipulate cats."

He unshived his claws and placed his paw right on my chest. "I used you Ashfur. Now that I have Squirrelflight, there is no longer a need for you."

"You're going to kill me!?" I struggled to sit up against his heavy paw on my chest.

"Kill you?" He laughed, "I'm not my father, but by the time this is over you will wish that I was." He took his paw off of my chest and I sprung up on all four paws.

"You..."I was lost for words, he could of had killed me on the spot, but he didn't.

"You see Ashfur," He circled around me triumphantly slipping his tail under my chin one time around and stopped. "with limited females in our clan; I couldn't be caught without a mate, so I thought why not steal one? I have the charming looks, the thick seductive voice, and I'm one of the best warrior's in Thunderclan."

"You fox heart!" I hissed again and he walked towards the warrior's den away from me.

"I will father Squirrelflight's kits." He whispered and then snickered.

I looked at my paws that were dusty from the dirt. '*There was no point in staying. Everything is lost my mate, my friend, and my pride*.'

I couldn't stand seeing Brambleclaw every morning forcing me to swallow my pain. I looked towards the thick oak trees, "I have no place here..." Turning I looked back at my camp.

"Goodbye Thunderclan..." My eyes were fogged by tears and the wind called my name weaving through the stocks of tall trees. "I Ashfur I'm not a warrior anymore, but a clanless outcast." I whispered and dashed into the Forrest away from Thunderclan. I did not know where I'll end up, but I just have to keep going. Low branches from trees scratched my pelt, and the dried leaves

crunched below me.

Chapter End

Chapter 2: The Alley Way

[image]

Ashfur's POV

The trees where growing thin and I could see a large gulf in the trees and crossed it with ease. I then stopped at the mouth of it and panted.

"G-glad I'm not a Windclan cat." I joked trying to add humor into my tone. My paws felt the clean bright soil below me.

"Not even one pebble." I smiled, but maybe I should not be worried about pebbles getting stuck between my paw pads.

I opened my mouth and let my tongue taste the sensation of the new land surrounded by Twoleg huts. I don't like Twolegs, and I wouldn't usually come a fox length to close to him, but now it seems I have no choice.

The air smelled like smoke and soot, but it was breathable. Any cat however wouldn't be able to smell the other the oder of the Twoleg's nests where overpowering every other scent,

I gingerly made my way down to the Twoleg's territory luckily the sun is down, so the Twolegs are most likely asleep.

The grass was trimmed low to my paws, and I could not believe how short the grass lands were.

"Fox brained Twolegs." I snorted. "How. Do you hunt when the grass is not tall enough to cover you?"

A light then turned on in their nest
through a square translucent hole, and my eyes glinted with fear and I ran away.

"How did it smell me with all this dirt in the air!" I whisper shouted becoming very irritated. "This is giving my nose more trouble then

Leaf-Bare!"

I stopped at a black river and panted. "Great..." I had to across it, but I didn't want to get my paws wet.

"VROOOOOM!" A Twoleg pasted riding a big metal thing with glowing eyes. I watched until it disappeared at a turn .

"How?" I skid my paw against the black river to find it solid. "Thank Starclan!" I didn't hesitate to get across that frozen river and I weaved so those Twolegs wouldn't hit me.

I looked at my paws, "Alright... Got this far... What now Ashfur." I tiredly mewed.

VOOOOOM !

Another went along the black river causing me to prick my ears and pad far way from the river. "I hate Twolegs..." I hunched. "The only thing I hate more than Twolegs is kitty pets..."

I reeled back the memory of how the kitty pets came to Thunderclan to take our territory just a few moons ago. Thinking of it now just rubs me the wrong way. They called themselves 'Bloodclan' and their leader is the biggest fox heart.

I was dissolved out of my thoughts when I lifted my head. It was an alley way.

"This would be a good place to spend the night right?" I closed my mouth and swallowed hard, "Lone cats live in allies, so this is my new life by myself." I padded into the alley, and right away my paws felt the ground become colder with every paw step.

'It felt like I was walking on a frozen lake, and the closer I got to the center the more fear clawed me with every crackle the icy made below me.' I shook my head and continued down the alley, and laughed nervously, "I'm sure I'm just imagining things...."

It was unusually silent in the alley away and I felt like their were more than one dozen eyes peering at me through the mask of shadows that lined the alley.

My ears flattened and I hissed feeling my spine arch ready for an attack, but I was not given a response. This made me feel more nervous.

I held my breath to try to catch anyone breathing, but I heard nothing and gasped trying to replace the fresh air in my lungs.

It was like they slowed down their breathing to match mine exactly. I felt like I was a defenseless kit again, and how powerless I felt when I couldn't save my birth mother.

In a moment of weakness I called out, "Hello?" I licked my bottom lip, "Who's there?"

There was a flash of a brown tabby and he tackled me, digging his claws into my pelt as his heavy paws kept me in place.

"Ashfur , you're quite far from the Forrest aren't you?" Tigerstar sneered flashing his yellow hued teeth and brushing his fowl breath on me. I yelped as my blue eyes widened, pupils narrowing into slits.

"Tigerstar!" My voice was shaken by his presence. A deep growl rolled in my throat. Tigerstar responded by sinking his claws deeper into my pelt.

"You should know that this territory already belongs to a clan." He hissed with his sour breath.

"I didn't know! I didn't smell any scent lines!" I argued and Tigerstar growled, "I'm not mouse brained." He bit me hard on the ear and I cried out in pain.

"What are you doing in the city?" He demanded and I twisted under the grip of his claws on my pelt trying to unhinge myself from him. "I'm not part of Thunderclan anymore!"

"You expect me to believe that you just quit being a warrior?" He huffed narrowing his amber eyes, and I saw Brambleclaw's mocking glint in his fired eyes.

"I no longer abide by the warrior code." I hissed and Tigerstar's eyes

maintained their I stated and a part of me throbbed, but I had to leave them. If I didn't; I would just have the constant mental pain, and that would drive me crazy... It was better for me to leave.

"Such a touching plea..." He paused. "But I don't believe you." I was sure that I was going to die that I was speechless.

Looks like you're precious Starclan can't save you now!" He roared with laughter as he went deeper under my pelt.

"Tigerstar." A low mew came from the end of the alley where they where boxed in. The pressure on my chest lifted slightly and the pain became less intense.

"What?" Tigerstar hissed. "I'm busy!" There was a haunting dark laugh bouncing on the walls of the alley. "Don't play with you're food..." The voice sounded oddly calm.

Tigerstar turned to look behind him and growled.

"Let him go or the deal is off." The voice spoke sharply.

"Fine..." Tigerstar got off of me and unhinged his claws from my pelt as I groaned out of pain.

"I shall see you soon again Tigerstar, but you must be leaving." He said grimly.

"I look forward to it." Tigetstar mewed and jumped on top of a trash can and onto a roof where he just vanished.

"Now..." The voice grew closer. "I must say I'm surprised to see you so far away from you're clan..." I sat up and looked around.

"I left my clan." I said exhausted and the voice continued to laugh morbidly. "So you left you're clan?" It almost sounded like he did believe me, but that laugh makes my blood go cold.

"Yes." I said plainly. "And don't repeat what I say!"

"Oh," It happily mewed. "This is going to be very amusing for me."

"Amusing?" I fearfully questioned and waited.

"I have been wanting to get my paws on a Thunderclan cat for a long time now." It taunted and I started to hear light paw prints behind me.

"Who are you!" I shouted and I looked behind me to see a black tom with an right paw that was white, stunning icy-blue eyes, and a torn left ear. He was wearing a collar studded with not only cat teeth, but dog teeth to.

"You're a kitty pet!" I spat and his slim tail lashed in irritation.

"No, I am Scourge." He raised his white paw and batted me hard in the head. "And it looks like I have won." My vision clouded into darkness.

Chapter End

Chapter 3: Prisoner

[image]

Scourge's POV

"This couldn't get easier for me." I mewed delightedly. "A Thunder clan warrior comes pawing at my door step."

I circled Ashfur brushing his spine with my tail, "My, how you grown since the last time we met."

I unshelled my claws that were reinforced with one of a dog's. "So you go by warrior now Ashfur?"

My ears flattened, "Disgraceful clan trash."

The grey spotted warrior's body was still despite his shallow breathing.

"Tigerstar was awfully rough on you wasn't he?" I questioned the sleeping warrior like I was taking to a kit.

I was hesitant to look at the damage, but I leaned over the resting male to find large gashes lining his chest all the way across.

My icy eyes weakened at the sight, so I quickly turned way to try to push back at the memory.

A harsh growl grew in my throat, "I don't feel bad or guilty for this worthless clan cat." I felt the coldness heart in my expand.

I closed my eyes, "I'm not Tiny." I shook my head. "I'm Scourge." My ears perked up getting my confidence back I opened my eyes and padded back to Ashfur.

"Now Ashfur," I pressed with a hiss.
"I'm sure you're aware of what you and you're clan did to Bone."

I tucked my tail around me.

"It is such a shame that my deputy died at the paws of an apprentice." I put my one of my claws under the unconscious warrior's chin cradling it. "But it looks like now..." I smiled darkly and chuckled, "You're mine."

Chapter End

Chapter 4: Friend or Foe?

[image]

Ashfur's POV

I shifted uncomfortably groaning at the pain of my injuries. I clawed the ground, but the ground felt plushy. My eyelids became lighter and I found myself laying on an torn throw pillow that was covered in holes.

For some strange reason I did not feel alarmed. I should probably be praying to Star Clan right about now, but it felt like a was laying on a cloud.

"Well, well, well." Turned my head to find the voice, and found a ginger tom sitting on the lid to a dumpster. "Lookie what we have here." The ginger cat leaped off the lid skillfully and padded towards me.

Something else that I noticed is that he wore an collar similar to Scourge's

I stood up waiting for the tom to pounce so I could dodge him. "Don't come near me you kitty pet!" I swatted my paw defensively.

"Brick." Scourge's voice echoed like a crow's call. "Stand down."

The ginger tom Brick turned away from me and snorted, "You're lucky that Scourge finds you of use."

"Of use?" I challenged, "You must all be fox brained." Brick's head turned with like a snake's at my comment.

"If it was up to me," He hissed morbidly. "you would of all ready of been dead." Brick walked until he was swallowed by the darkness of the alley.

"Ashfur," Scourge mewed. "Look up." I obeyed to find Scourge perched my box leaning over me with a vole trapped between his

powerful jaws and blood stained teeth.

On instinct I swatted with a heavy paw at the BloodClan leader, which caused spit out the vole and lose his balance on the box and hit the ground.

I sprang up taking the opportunity and ran towards Scourge. "This is for Whitestorm!" I cried, but then I tripped on a rock, "Fffffffffffffffffffffffff-" Scourge laughed at my failure as I tumbled towards him.

"You amuse m-" I accidentally with my fall took Scourge with me. "Bah!" We rolled together catching the attention of multiple feline eyes shining through the darkness. Brick remerged from the darkness yelling to his leader in panic, "Scourge!"

We both hit the wall of the alley and groaned. Scourge's face did not wrinkle in anger, but in confusion. Scourge had his chest pressed up against mine, I could hear his heart softly beating, then I looked into icy glare and it was like I was under a spell. They where so alluring...

Scourge POV

'What is this feeling?' My tail raised as I contently laid on top of Ashfur. 'I don't like it!' My mind growled, but my body disagreed with my mind causing me to stay still on top of the taller spotted warrior. 'Blood is all that I need.... I need nothing more.' I just felt like I was drowning trying to escape his dark blue eyes.

Chapter End

Chapter 5: Bone

[image]

Scourge's POV

"Get off of him!" Brick hissed at us, but I couldn't look away.

Then heard paws quickly approaching Ashfur and I, and a streak of a black blur tackled the glassy eyed warrior tearing him away from me. I scrambled to get up on all my paws like nothing happened and watched as Ashfur was forced to the ground on his stomach by Jumper whom was my clanmate with an usual underbite and a tattered black & white pelt.

Jumper shoved Ashfur's face to the ground with his right paw which was white. "You should know not to threaten the leader of BloodClan." He scoffed proudly applying more pressure to Ashfurs head.

"Hey!" Brick padded over to Jumper. "I had it handled!" Brick hissed annoyed with Jumper's intrusion.

"Looks like you where to late." Jumper taunted Brick while he looked at Ashfur like it was an award. "To late!" Brick growled and his ears flattened. "It is my job to protect him!"

The black and white tom laughed, "We'll I just made you're job easier. You should be thanking me." Bricks face became matted in confusion.

"No!" The ginger tom spat in disgust, "You had no right!" This little dispute was interesting me and frankly I wanted to see if they'll fight.

"I think you're just jealous." Brick hissed watching Jumper's grin grow in response.

"Oh, and why is that so?" Jumper's mew was engulfed in hilarity

causing the ginger tom to explode.

Brick made himself look big covering Jumper in his shadow. "BECAUSE SCOURGE CHOSE ME TO BE HIS NEW DEPUTY AFTER BONE'S DEATH!" Jumper's paws released Ashfur from under him. My attention darted back to Ashfur who didn't even try to get up.

' Why wasn't he fighting?' My eyes squinted. 'Smart of him to know that he couldn't escape BloodClan, but wouldn't warriors put up more than a fight?'

"Ok-ok..." Jumper's pelt was shaken and the coward hid under the dumpster. "Coward." Brick jeered and did not hesitate to claim Ashfur by pushing a paw on his back pridefuly. "Scourge!"

"What is it Brick?" I sighed. 'I swear that cat is as jumpy as an six moon old kit.'

"I caught you're little warrior friend here!" He boasted for all the cats hiding under/in boxes, old shattered rusty vents, the trash cans, and under the dumpster.

"Yes, I see that." I tried to remain calm and took a deep breath and started to pad away from the two.

"So?" The ginger called like a whining kit, and I turned strongly as my eyes became solid and met his mossy begging eyes.

"What do you want a cookie or something?!" I bellowed and Brick's face didn't even change at my response. I really missed Bone. At least he wouldn't expect anything after our little tasks, and irritate me if I don't shower him in complements. Bone was wild, brave, and most importantly hell, he was the most loyal cat in my clan.

I will never forget his appearance huge, muscular, battle-scared, long legs, leafy green eyes, and like Jumper he was a black & white tom.

"What's a cookie?" Brick cocked his head and Ashfur looked up because the ginger's comment.

"Exactly!" I grunted.

Chapter End

Chapter 6: Trust Me

[image]

Ashfur's POV

Well, here I'm under the paw of an giant ginger dumb ass. I mean it couldn't possibly be worse for me.

Today I lost my mate, I almost died, I got captured by Scourge's kitty pets, and now I'm probably going to die.

Scourge probably wants revenge on me for assisting in Bone's death, but in a way that doesn't make sense.

'If he had wanted to kill me, why didn't he when he had the chance?' I tried to make sense of it, but nothing came together.

I wasn't afraid to be honest, if anything I was annoyed that this orange kitty pet touched me, but if I were to die. It would look like that I was killed by a fox to my clan, unless of course Scourge tells them. Then my name would be a stain on ThunderClan.

'Who heard of a cat running away from their own clan? Just ditching them in the dust?' I fiddled with my paws and Brick laid down a second forceful paw on my back, which hurt my cuts on my pelt even more and I cringed, but
remained silent.

'Did he think that I was going to run for it?' I tucked my paws at my side to show the orange moron that I wasn't going to run.

Right now I really wish I could rethink the decision of leaving the safety of my clan.

'Mouse brain!' I scolded myself, because I wasn't thinking clearly. I ran out of pain not out of reason. Their where cats that I regret leaving in my clan, and now I can't return to them. Besides if I tried to run I'm obviously outnumbered and these cats live to spill blood,

so I would not want to provoke them.

My eyes switched from looking up at Brick to Scourge. He was as still as stone. His unblinking cold icy glare remained solid on Brick. He looked like he was trying to pretend that I wasn't even there.

I heard stories about Scourge when I was only an apprentice to Dustpelt in ThunderClan.

One story said that he was raised by wild dogs whom taught him to hunt and kill innocent cats for the fun of it. One says that he killed his siblings and his parents as a kit and ran into the forrest like a crazy lunatic to pamper with crazed lust for blood. Another says that he is the son of one of the cats from "The Place Of No Stars." There are so many different stories that go around about him, but one thing we know for sure is that it all happened when he was a young kit. We know little about Scourge, because if you do meet him and you're not BloodClan, he'll kill you on the spot.

Scourge's pelt was pricked and his eyes seemed lifeless, but there was a clear healthy glow to them. His eyes darted at me when he saw that I was starring at him.

'In a way it was kinda hard not to stare.' I thought. 'He is short, but he is an handsome looking felin- ' I then hit realization 'No! I'm not gay or bie! I love Squirrelflight! Even if she is a bitch and the biggest fox heart for leaving me to be Brambleclaw's mate.'
I turned my head away from Scourge and looked down at the ground, but I could still feel his chilling glare on me as if he was a ghost sending shivers down my spine.

'Besides he is Scourge!' My mind retorted. 'Scourge!'

"Let him go." Scourge pressed firmly and Brick and I stared at him in disbelief.

"But Scourge," Brick argued. "He needs to be punished!" Scourge took a deep breath and stood tall.

"I believe that he has been given enough of that by our friend Tigerstar." His voice edged with hate when mentioning

Brambleclaw's father.

"I saw him trying to escape!" Brick exclaimed applying more pressure to his my back. "What if he tries to run again?"

"He is not going to try to get away." Scourge paused and looked at me and it was like something melted in his eyes, like the pinch of sternness that had just gripped him before disappeared from his face. "He knows better than to escape us."

"B-but Scourge!" Brick protested and the sternness gripped him once more.

"He is going to stay put!" Scourge hissed at his deputy. "If he does otherwise then you can punish him, but Ashfur is to stay under my personal watch." I felt the pressure release from my back and stood up. My nostrils flared, because I was able to breath more freely now that Brick was off of me.

'Did Scourge the bane of all cats really took my side?' I was more than confused at this point.

The orange tabby eyed me distastefully.
"Just call if he tries." Brick pressed and Scourge put his paw up examining his claws.

"No need." Scourge said plainly and Brick walked away in defeat.

'Should I thank him?' I contemplated as he walked up to me.

'No! It's probably a trap!' The rational part of my mind screamed.

"Th-thanks..." It slipped out like I had ants in my pelt and Scourge looked at me like he never expected those words to come out of my mouth. His tail pointed towards a long narrow path with a dripping gutter attached to one of the walls.

"Come." He ordered deciding to ignore my response like it was never said and not really given any other choice, I followed Scourge down the long narrow path of the alley.

Chapter End

Chapter 7: Silent Blue

[image]

Scourge's POV

I looked straight ahead down the path of the alley that was most familiar to me, daring not to look back at the grey speckled male. We walked in silence for about six minutes or so, and then the silence was sliced by a tongue. My pelt then flinched at the break of silence.

"So," Ashfur mew from behind made my stomach twist in knots. "Where are we going?" If any other cat asked me this I would respond in a tone that would split ice but coming from this forrest cat. I feel that every curt comment was stripped from mind, making it feel less stressed.

'This is a strange feeling and I don't like it! ' My mind ached. 'I don't like feelings in general.' I closed my eyes trying to shut Ashfur out, but I could hear his heavy paw steps padding after my lighter, swifter ones. It is hard not to think about him when you can hear his paw steps, which told me his pinpoint location out of my line of sight.

I was pleased that Ashfur didn't give me any difficulty and just followed. If he did put up a scramble with me, then I would not hesitate to joyfully pounce on him pinning his paws and thus disarming him.

Ashfur's POV

Scourge never answered my question, or he was refusing to, which I found to be not just offensive, but unsettling in the gulf of stillness unaccompanied by not even a sliver of speech. You would think if any clan cat captured an cat from the opposing side to plow through their own territory roaring about the success of the new prisoner for all to hear while walking close behind the other cat's tail, but Scourge did the exact opposite. He had let me walk behind

him instead of him pushing me along from behind. His eyes just were set on the what was in the distance like nothing else mattered. Something else I noticed was his tail was slumped down as if his tail was purposely brushing away all of the bothersome sharp little teeth shaped pebbles that were in the path, which made it easier on my sore paws.

'I could run for it if I really wanted to,' I thought carefully to myself. "But I'm much to curious to even try.' I was to interested to find out what he wanted from me to leave.

His paws did not march triumphantly in over saturated pride to our destination as expected, but kept his paw prints low to the ground so no one would know of his presence. It was like he didn't even know I was there and it was like he thought that I was invisible or something.

"You don't talk much do you?" I inquired with a tone clear of fear and replaced with a childish curiosity.

His pelt jittered like he had flees, calmed his pace, and nonchalantly curved his neck to look behind his shoulder. "Quiet." His mew skewed and rounded the pointy edge of animosity he once attired before in great strength, making him sound indifferent. He then quickened his pace, leaving me dumbfounded.

'I was kinda expecting a viscous hiss to be vinegary thrown in my direction by the smaller frisky male, but he was peculiarly docile. ' I was abashed by my own thoughts, which forced me to

'In all the stories I heard about Scourge they describe him as a horrible pestilence driven monster.' My thoughts circled around and around.

'It never described him doing things like this, or let alone being passive toward any cat , but that still didn't meant that I don't believe he is putting up an act, but still his behavior differed dramatically from what the stories told about him.' I realized that that Scourge was far, far in front of me and I didn't want to get left behind especially in a place like BloodClan, so went in for sprint to catch up to Scourge.

I struggled keep up with his fast paced paws with my injuries gifted to me by Tigerstar's painful generosity. The cuts and bruises are really not that bad, so I wasn't going to be a whiny kit about it, but it still stung, and getting forced to the ground by the cat with the ridiculous underbite.

'I swear, I thought that kitty pet was going to slobber all over my fur.' My face swelled in disgust. 'It would not be an fun time getting that slime out of my speckled coat.'

But Brick was no better. He pressed my back to the cold dusty cement and it rubbed pieces of dirt and other kinds of filth in my scratches and on my pelt.

Scourge didn't slow his pace, so I just pushed through the occasional prick of feeling like my pelt is burning, and kept my head high.

'I wasn't going to show weakness to any kitty pets.' Where ever Scourge was planning to take me; I was sure that I was going to encounter more ruthless BloodClan cats. I was only caught by Scourge at the border of their camp, and I know BloodClan has more clan-mates than just three cats when including Scourge.

Finally after sorely sprinting to get about a fox length behind Scourge; I slowed my pace knowing I could keep up.

There was a fork in the path and Scourge pointed his tail left, so we both traveled in that direction and where met with an new area of the alley.

The alley seemed to end there and it had a large open gap to the Twolegplace and the bleached fence was the only thing diving BloodClan from the Twolegs.

Something I also noticed that their was dried, rusted blood that mopped the silver cement and saw two cats talking sitting on another dumpster in the ally and Scourge led me closer to their unfamiliar pelts. The cats did not turn to look at Scourge, because I was pretty sure they didn't even hear him coming.

"Look Pounce, I'm Scourge!" A black-and-white tom with one white ear exclaimed. "I think every other opinion except my own is terrible, and I'm such a self absorbed closet case! I'm a little munchkin and nothing like big strong Snake!" The black and white tom laid on his belly and made his once long legs look stubby. "Look! I'm so tiny!"

The the tabby tom with one lazy eye and a lower canine tooth that looked to be peeking out of his mouth and clinging to his upper lip laughed at the other impression and Scourge's tail shot straight up like a whip and it looked like something snapped within him.

"Hello Snake, Pounce." Scourge'a voice was edged with sourness as the two cats turned their heads in terroir.

"Oh-h! Hi, Scourge!" The black and white tom spoke jumpily. "Ha! We didn't see you there! Pounce and I were just talking about how wonderful you are!" The other tabby nodded, agreeing with what was said. "Y-eah, yeah-h! All good things!"

A growl rumbled in Scourge's throat, "I'm sure you where..." The two cats looked to be relieved, but that didn't last for long. "So, tiny huh?" Scourge hissed as fear gripped the two cats and I backed away slowly because I know what was about to happen and I bumped into something fuzzy.

"Trying to escape BloodClan?" I looked up to see Brick's sneered face. "I don't think so!" He hissed in my face and his breath smelled like something crawled in there and died.

"No, I was not!" I hissed and flattened my ears. "Too late."

I could hear Scourge talking to Snake and Pounce in the background. "Let's see how tiny you think I am after this!"

He smiled. "You know what Scourge said." Brick laughed in between. "You're going to get punished!" He raised one of his front paws in the air and showed me his claws as they gleamed under the light of the moon.

My eyes wondered through the alley to find Scourge and he caught

my eyes and his ears pricked in alarm.

"Any last words forrest cat?" Brick sneered and my pupils quickly flicked back to his face. I just closed my eyes right then and there. I could fight, but what I'm I fighting for?

'What do I look forward to going back to? I have nothing...' I thought solemnly and I felt a great rush of air pass me.

"Ouuffff!" Brick cried and I opened my eyes to see him pinned on the ground by Scourge.

"WHAT DID I JUST TELL YOU!" Scourge screamed and it hurt my ears. "ASHFUR IS MY RESPONSIBILITY NOT YOURS!" He then bit the ginger tom's shoulder harshly drawing blood.

"GYAH!" Brick cried in pain and Scourge smiled, bitting deeper into his pelt. Pounce and Snake watch in horror unable to take their eyes off of the gruesome sight. He drew his blood soaked teeth out of Brick's shoulder that was now a small patch of mangled flesh.

"YOU ARE NOT TO TOUCH HIM! AND THAT GOES FOR ANY CAT IN BLOODCLAN THAT CAN HEAR MY VOICE!" He licked the blood from his teeth and got off of Brick and watched him limp away.

I didn't know what to say... 'Why didn't he let Brick hit me?' That was the only thought that lingered in my mind

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Chapter End

Chapter 8: Blood

[image]

Scourge's POV

'Never listen!' I thought trying to keep a straight face as I watched Brick picking his front paw. His eyes were glossed in defeat and betrayal.

'He should have listened to me.' I watch Brick heave himself into a cardboard box that was on it's side. 'Just like a stubborn kit who has been swatted by the bone of its mother.'

Brick laid down in the box with a plop as the air escaped his chest. His left paw now reaching toward the tender flesh of his shoulder. 'He'll get over it.'

The thrill of sinking my teeth into his shoulder made my blood turn cold as I smiled through closed lips to impede the boiling laughter inside of me, bubbling out and flooding my tongue, tasting the reminisce of the tangy metal sweetness.

Saliva covered my tongue dissolving the crimson liquid like a great wave washing upon a shore pulling back sand with it as it retreated to the depths.

I looked behind me to see Ashfur not trembling in fear, but standing confident with his eyes fixed on me with curiosity.

'Why isn't he afraid?' I padded up to the taller male and sat looking at him with the same exact bewilderment. I bowed my head trying to look under him to see exactly how bad his wounds were and Ashfur said nothing, so I looked up. His eyes quickly moved away from mine and onto the streaks of crimson that nicely marked the pavement.

I smirked as my head dipped back to checking Ashfur's wounds. Putting my head between Ashfur's front legs, and Ashfur showed no

reaction.

'Weird.' Then I smelled something sour that made my nose crinkle. I opened my mouth to let the sense bathe my tongue, but then closed it driving out from between Ashfur's front legs.

'Blood...' That was the first time that I ever thought like this about blood. I usually enjoy smelling the blood of my enemies, but this time it just felt wrong. The blood did not smell crusty, flakey, or old like dried blood would, but like freshly torn skin with blood trickling out.

' Why would I think now of the metallic smell to be unwelcoming to me?' I thought frustrated wanting to sink my claws into the next cat that crosses my path, but I couldn't. I sat up in a straight posture once more and glared at Ashfur whom eyes have glossed over.

'Brick must have opened the wounds ripping them further across his pelt.' I thought as I watched his eyes become dull, but somehow was still standing on all fours.

I started to hear little small murmurs from behind me, making my head swing in that direction, and saw Snake who had his paws cuffed around Pounce's ear.

Chapter End
Sorry for such a short chapter... I'm not feeling well.

Chapter 9: Cuts

[image]

Ashfur's POV

(Three minutes earlier)

Scourge watched Brick as he limped towards a cardboard box with no interest like he was a disgrace to his clan. I couldn't say I feel bad for Brick. He attacked me and right when I thought it was all over Scourge took down the orange tom without question.

The rush of air made me feel breathless as Brick was tackled in a swift pursuit, but reality cleared my mind when I saw what Scourge did next.

'There was so much blood...' The horrible thing was that he looked like he enjoyed it. 'I just ever seen so much blood with that attack before.' I watched as Scourge licked the blood around his teeth, dying his tongue a deep crimson red.

'This was the cat they described in the stories... This is Scourge's image.' My tail flickered. 'It was very impressive and dare I say alluring in some strange way that I couldn't explain. I should be fearful of him, but I'm calm not trusting, but calm and dauntless.

He tilted his head up facing the stars as if he was bathing in fresh rain as the light from the moon reflected in his eyes in a round circle of lunar light. The light looked like silver cataracts blocking the appearance of his pupils. Scourge looked like he was mystical, supernatural, noble with eyes that mirrored the power of the moon.

He looked exactly like I would think the cats in StarClan would look like. The feeling keeps developing as it puts me in greater view in the eyes of Scourge. It was like ivy growing inside me, and tangling itself together in an tight knot. My stomach became numb and stiff at this feeling.

His pelt blew in the light breeze basking in the white light that reflected onto his fur. His whiskers blown to one side my the gentle puff of clear air, then the small rush of air subsided leaving his whiskers to go back to their respected sides. He next pointed his head toward the ground at the cost of losing the extraterrestrial glow in his eyes as the faded back into an icy blue.

I stood up half way with a tiny hiss as pain flooded my tender flank.

My wounds are really bothering me now, but still I do not squeal for help.

'What cat in BloodClan would help an outsider like me?' My thoughts became foggy and I placed my left paw over my one of my wounds that burned my flank, but my paw did not aid the deep cut, rather now it made it feel like I placed acid around the tender area of skin. My teeth gritted and I swallowed back an painful yowl.

'Show no weakness they prey on weakness.' I dropped my head, and let the muscles in my face relax. 'Scourge quickly took my side when faced with Brick, but he could just as quickly turn on me.'

I released my wound from the touch of my paw with an painful hiss and brought my left paw to the front of my face to see my pads soaked in blood. My eyes widened and I could tell Scourge could sense it even with his back turned to me.

'Shit!' Shock filled my entire being head to tail, and I stomped my left paw on the ground before Scourge or any other of these rouge kitty pets see it. Ignoring the pain I stood all the way up and tried not to look at my bloody paw.

Scourge started to approach me in an curious manner and it was infectious. He didn't look like the bloodlust tyrant, but his eyes softened and his lips were content.

He ducked his head to look between my legs. I looked down at him speachless.

' What is he even doing?' My thoughts questioned and then Sconurge looked up briefly and I made it in my best interest to avoid his lifeless gaze. I looked at the trail of blood sloppily leading to where Brick was resting.

Then I felt an unexpected thrust between my front legs, and I turned to the source. Looking down I saw Scourge's shoulders wedged between my front legs. My face was flushed as I felt his soft breath brushing my underside and a cold wet nose pressing into my pelt, nuzzling its way to my skin.

(Present time)

Scourge pulled out from under me with what looked like a sense of distraught that clouded his face, but the expression quickly cleared into that blank soulless look.

"I can't believe we got away with it." Snake's low toned laughs rattled in my ears.

Scourge twisted his neck toward the sound of the mocking cats and slowly approached them

Pounce's good eye turned away from the sight of Brick's shoulder to Snake.

'Sleepy...' My eyes started to droop, but I forced myself to say awake despite the blood that I lost.and was still losing.

"I can't believe it either." He spoke with much less enthusiasm. "He would have fed us to the dogs..."

"Ha-" Snake silently snickered. "Like that's going to happen."

Pounce let out a heavy sigh, "We just got lucky." Snake bumped his paw against Pounce's shoulder.

"You need to loosin' up." Snake nudged Pounce with his shoulder. "We are not going to be in any trouble." He snickered and pointed

towards me. "He is probably so wrapped up in his ill-minded forrest cat to even care about us." Anger coiled up inside me, but this fatigue was so great that it made me powerless to protest how wrong Snake was.

' At least I'm not a kitty pet.' I thought bitterly.

Scourge's claws scraped the grey cement with an awful scream, making the two turn to me. "Don't think I'm done with you..." His voice sounded like gravel that was thrown onto thin ice.

"Oh! Ha, ha..." Snake started nervously shifting his paws uncomfortably. Pounce just looked at me like he knew his fate and he knew not to make excuses. His head bowed down to signify defeat.

"Pounce told me to do it!" Snake pointed forward the cat sitting beside him and Pounce's head shot up.

"What!" He glared angrily at Snake.

'So tired... So tired...' My thoughts dragged me into metal exhaustion leading me into a state of feeling lightness on my paws and everything looked fake to me as if I was baited into some kind of a lucid dream.

"No-no-no! I swear Scourge this was all Snake's idea not mine!" Pounce pleaded with Scourge and he hissed.

Then I felt my knees becoming weak, and my mouth became dry as the world spinned around me.

Scourge's POV

My mind then wondered back to Ashfur.

'Surprised that Ashfur has been quiet through all of this.' I turned my head over my shoulder to find him slouching heavily, holding onto one his wounds on his flank.

"Ashfur?" I curiously sniffed him, and looked into the shades of dimmed blue cascading his eyes lightly.

'Something is wrong... I don't have time for these two mouse brains.' I shook my head and turned back to the two ungrateful idiots on the dumpster.

"Get out of my sight." I growled and their tails went up as they stared at each other.

"O-of course Scourge!" Snake nodded his head hastily and turned to Pounce. "We were just leaving. Isn't that right Pounce?" The tabby's one good eye was scorning Snake as his lazy eye drifted.

"Y-yes..." Pounce gritted his teeth at Snake. The tom ignored it and stared straight into my eyes.

"NOW!" I screamed causing them to jump off the dumpster and onto the pavement tails still driven in the air as they ran down the ally.

I then heard a thump from behind me and my tail shot straight up as I turned to look at the sight.

"Ashfur..." I stared in terror as Ashfur laid on his side in a pool of blood. On instinct I rushed over to him and grabbed the scruff of his neck. "Fucking Tigerstar." My rage was muffled by the mouthful of clumped fur that tastes like honeysuckle.

"Strange forest cat." I scoffed and threw him on my back. Then I walked slowly weighted by Ashfur onto another path leading out of the heart of BloodClan.

"You impress me," I spoke to the unconscious Ashfur. "You've survived this long, so you can pull through." I sighed. "Now, hang in there. You'll be fine."

"Who are you talking to?" A grey she-cat emerged from the darkness in front of me, challenging me with irritation laced in her mew.

"No one!" I hissed. "Shut up Minty!" She quickly scurried back into the shadows like an small mouse hiding from the tone of my voice.

Chapter End

Chapter 10: Seeker

[image]

(? POV)

Here I sit perched on top of the side of a tall building. It is not the most enticing part of my duty towards BloodClan, but I'm one of Scourge's closest guards; however, I have seemed to lose him when Tigerstar showed his monstrous face sending me away in fear for my life.

'Cowardly? Yes, but cunning.' I let the breeze shake my whiskers and sighed. 'I would protect my own life over Scourge's, because I want to one day find a mate.' And I have been already searching for one.

I committed myself to spend most of my time 'keeping guard over the territory when Scourge is asleep, or in this case I have no idea where he went, but instead I set my eyes on the vast forest. All the forest cats looked so fine in figure, and in strength. The cats in BloodClan are not that pleasing to look at they are all disfigured in some way, but Scourge.

'Scourge is fucking hot, but I tired and he was not interested. He is not interested in any kind of love overall.' But surprisingly enough

this was for the best. Scourge might look like you can bend him to you're will, but he is pushy and stubborn. 'I need a mate that I can control.' My lips parted lightly and I could feel the chill of the night burrowing inside my teeth.

I wet my teeth with my tongue to replace the sudden cold dryness with moist warmness. 'I have found the perfect partner far beyond the border, and he looked so cute and vulnerable.' I saw him once starring at the road one day watching the cars whizz pass, which made him retreat back into the forest.

Determined to find this cat I ventured far out of BloodClan territory, and my senses were rushed with Thunderclan cats as well as the green leaves and the smell of the Earth. I ran up an tree to avoid detection by any other clan cat, but the one I desired and so rightfully deserved.

Observing him from the safety of my branch; I learned much about this forest cat.

He goes by the name of Ashfur and is usually seen with this orange she-cat named Squirrelflight, and this male cat named Brambleclaw the son of Tigerstar. The thought of being this close to the son of Tigerstar made me take every precaution not to draw attention to myself.

I learned by ease dropping of an conversation while Brambleclaw brushed Squirrelflight's cheek with his tail before leaving to the fresh-kill pile. My stomach rumbled thinking about it. In our territory food is scarce and we have to dig through the Twoleg's scraps that are tied in black shiny bags. Ashfur looked at Squirrelflight with discontent due to Brambleclaw's action.

His voice was hoarse when he spoke, but the orange female assured him that she is his mate and instructed him to go to take a rest. Ashfur hesitant to leave, but did with a lingering suspicion. Squirrelflight called out to tell him that she will join him in their nest later while the other went into the warrior's den confused and hurt.

Then Brambleclaw's ears perked up at the sight of Ashfur not being

there and rushed to brush his cheek against hers and whispered in her ear how much he loved her to keep doing this in secret, and he licked her nose telling her to get rid of Ashfur so they could really be mates. Squirrelflight with no hesitation nodded her head and kissed Brambleclaw guilt free.

'Poor dwindling little finch.' He was more easily manipulated then I thought. 'There can only be so many birds preached on the same branch; luckily, I'm here to pluck you way from that degrading branch.' I raised my paw to the height of my shoulders and looked at it with interest. 'It's to easy.'

I conceived a plan to capture him and forcefully bring him back to BloodClan where he would never be able to leave, but kidnapping Ashfur required me to sneak out of my territory, and Scourge needs me at my post, so I have to find a way when he is not looking, and Scourge is always looking. 'It was just luck that I didn't get caught the first time.

Then I started to hear the clicking sound of thick claws marching their way down the ally way, so my head turned in that direction.

"Hmm..." I wanted to investigate, but I was afraid it would be Tigerstar, so I stayed planted, frozen on the edge of the building, but the paw steps sounded light and calm in their nature to belong to him.

I sniffed the, and with nostrils flaring I not only discovered that it was two cats approaching with one not to fond of walking, but a familiar scent of honeysuckle that bathed my tongue making me smile ear to ear.

"Looks like you have come to me little finch~" I purred savoring every vibration that sang in my throat

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Chapter End

Chapter 11: Light In The Darkness

[image]

Ashfur's POV

All I see is darkness, and my paws were weightless. It felt like I was suspended in air.

'Where am I?' I tired to turn my neck to only find it stiff and stubborn to move.

Horror showered my face*, 'Am I dead?'*

'Am I in Starclan?' I sniffed the blackness that consumed my vision to only sense nothing.

I tried to call for help, but none of words escaped. My lips felt glued together and my tongue was dry from not applying any moisture. I could still move my tongue, but it felt like sandpaper scratching the roof of my mouth.

Then my nostrils flared at an sharp scent.

My nose crinkled back, *"What is that smell? It is disgusting!'* The scent of metal pricked at my taste buds.

Then my ears flattened, '*Ich*!' My tongue tasted the air to get rid of the awful flavor resting on my tongue.

Suddenly a sharp pain stabbed at my body, 'GYHAHHHH!' My jaw clenched as my eyes began to water.

'What did I do to deserve this?' I closed my eyes as the pain spread throughout my body.

"You didn't do anything." An angelic voice spoke.

'Huh?' I opened my tear dampened eyes and saw a white glowing figure of a cat whom sparkled like the stars. My eyes widened at the sight as I caught it's milky white eyes.

"Nothing at all." The ghostly cat spoke that spiked familiarly.

'How can it hear me?' The figure laughed in comfort.

"I can read you're thoughts." I couldn't believe that I was hearing.

'But how?' I questioned with extreme interest.

The mystical cat padded towards me, "Not important. I've came to give you a message."

'*What me? A message for me?'*

"Yes." It mewed.

'*You must have the wrong cat.'*

"No." It's meow sounded serous.

'This has to be a joke.'

"Far from..." The figure mewed beginning to become annoyed.

'...'

"You can end all in blood or in thunder, but you must be weary of the shadows that tag behind and a great fire that will melt or boil the ice as ash flys into the air and dismiss or remain among the cry of a dangerous game."The white cat blinked contently as my face just twisted in confusion.

'*What does that mean?'*

"I will say nothing more." The white figure touched my nose together with it's and it began to get brighter.

I felt a presence pushing against my stomach as if it were a round rock, but this rock was radiating heat.

'Wait...' I processed, 'rocks don't radiate heat!' I opened my eyes to find Scourge carrying me and my body still swamped in pain.

I started to hear cats talking, "Why Scourge you are too kind to bring us a meal."

What?' My mussels began to tense just listening. 'Are they talking about me?'

"Too kind, too kind!" The other cackled in a high wispy tone.

"Look how muscular he is." One mewed heavily. "He may be skinny, but there is no doubt there is meat on his bones!" All the cats laughed with the absence of Scourge.

"I bet it's juicy and soft." The fourth growled.

'*Are they thinking of eating me?' Fear shook my pelt.*

The fifth cat purred, "Yes, very succulent~" His voice was deep and he had a lisp, which struck fear in me.

'He sounded like a predator...'

I felt a large paw slip it's under my stomach, and it defiantly was not Scourge's, also he never said a word...

I wanted to yell for help, but my tongue was to drained of salvia and I was extremely thirsty.

"Very nice~" The fifth continued. "Such thick fur~ Such a thin belly~" The paw moved from my stomach to right above my croch.

Not even my muscles drawled back from his paws because of the pain it would bring.

I heard Scourge hiss sharply, and the fifth cat didn't move his paw. "Come on Scourge, I was just checking for kits."

"He is a male..." Scourge growled irritably and the fifth cat scoffed.

"Ya' never know." I felt his paw go further down, which was to

much for my comfort.

"Yes I do." Scourge pressed and I felt any other paw grab hold of my flank causing the pain I was feeling to rise.

"It looks feminine." The fifth cat protested.

"This is you're last warning Snipe..." Scourge growled deeply. "Get you're dirty fucking paws off him."

"And h/it is perfect to be a mate~" Snipe purred.

Scourge for some reason became less tense, "Don't be ridiculous. I-I have no interest... This is only what I have to do."

"Sooo." I felt his paw close on the area above my member. "You would not mind if **I** were to look after him."

'G-get him away from me!' I looked at Scourge with deep blue pain driven eyes. He twisted his head to look at me and his face was in shock, but it shortly was lost and it morphed into a flame of anger.

His neck swiveled around swiftly facing Snipe. "**DON'T YOU DARE HARM HIM!**" Scourge bit Snipe's arm causing the cat to yelp and quickly take his paws out from under me.

'*Why would he care about me?'* I was abashed at the protective edge in his voice. '*We are supposed to be enemies.'* Scourge released Snipe's now bloody arm and Snipe fell defeated to the ground in pain.

Scourge pushed his way through the crowd of cats like nothing happened, licking the crimson from his teeth.

Chapter End

Chapter 12: An Old Friend

[image]

Scourge's POV

My tongue swiped the pinky inside of my cheeks as I continued to walk with multiple oval eyes watching from the darkness.

'*I have to be more careful.'* I thought diligently. *'Most of my clan finds an odd interest in Ashfur...'* I looked down at Ashfur whom was swung over my back horizontally. He struggling to keep his eyes open.

Then I heard him cough and felt his stomach heave on my back with a harsh jolt, causing my tail to quickly rise up and stiffen. The coughing fit continued, so I stopped and turned to meet his gaze.

"What's wrong?" I mewed with little emotion and his eyes became red and puffy with tears.

'I don't have time for this, and if I don't do something.' I quickly glanced at our path to see how much longer we will have to travel.

'Ten more minutes...' Ashfur looked at me with begging eyes.

"You can hold on for just a little while longer, right?" I mewed and his head dropped to staring blankly at ground.

"You're not weak... Just hang in there..." Sympathy snuck it's way into my mew without my consent.

A low growl rumbled in my throat at how pathetic I probably sounded.
Ashfur's dark blue eyes sunk in terror as they became a calmer with every second.

'I don't even know why I'm helping you...' I sighed letting the pressure release from my chest. *'I could of have just let you bleed to death, but here I am.'* I turned away from Ashfur because I was beginning to

feel my stomach ache.

'It just must of been something I ate...' My tail tip began to stroke his back unconsciously.

Every time I look at him I just feel out of touch, and I have an brief second of being content, but at the same time pulling me inside out.

I continued my walk pushing back that feeling. '*Ugh...'*

"Fucking Tigerstar...." I hissed annoyed with my predicament. *'Why did he have to touch him?'* I would have been asleep in my worn, hole ridden mattress while my clan mates gave me gifts of bones and food to prove their loyalty if it weren't for Tigerstar.

I sighed as I turned the corner to fallen leaves scattered along the path ahead, causing me to stop abruptly and look up.

' Leaf-bare comes earlier and earlier ever year.' Lifting my paw up to press down on the dried leaf. It made a satisfying cracking sound. My frown lightened.

'Ha- it sounds like breaking bones.' I forcibly put all my strength and weight onto the leaf, making it shatter into little bit-sized pieces. I then continued to walk the leaf infested path, making sure to kick up the rusty leaf fragments in the air with my back paws.

"Where are you!" A strangely familiar voice cried behind me, which caught my attention. Naturally I looked at Ashfur riding on my back, but the cry was very different from his.

'Where are you? Does he mean me? I do recognize his voice faintly, but I cannot match it with any other cat who currently live in BloodClan.' I sniffed the air and sensed nothing unordinary at first...

Then a distinct smell of pine needles caused me to swivel around and retrace my paw steps to the corner in the path that I previously went around.

'Forest cat scum...' My ears flattened and I looked intensely into the direction of the clouded darkness that the voice covered itself in.

"Tigerstar!" It called out fluttered. "Come on, I told you not to just wonder around!"

'Of course... Who else could I expect?'

It then sighed frustratedly, "This is not you're territory, you know!"

The glowing eyes I saw following me before escaped into the darkness until they can no longer be seen.

I peaked over the corner and saw
snake-like sapphire eyes gleaming in the shadows inching closer and closer into the moon light.

It was a is a large, shinny well-muscled, silver-gray tabby tom with a torn, ragged ear.

'Boulder!.' My tail lashed behind me swiping dirt and dust in the air with it's speed.

'*How dare he come into my territory!'* My teeth clenched with a hateful growl.

"Tigerstar?" He stopped and took a second to check his surroundings. I slinked away from his line in sight hiding behind the wall. "Is that you?" I drawled my blood stained claws from my soft paws ready to confront him, and slowed down my breathing, but I couldn't do much to keep Ashfur quiet. He was breathing like a ox or a bear, but he was injured, so there really wasn't much I could do about it.

'I just have to look threatening.' I remind myself, because I'm not going to be able to fight with Ashfur hanging off my back.

"Tigerstar!" Boulder exclaimed getting ready to turn the corner. "The smell of blood is far to thick! I can't track you're scent very well, but I know you're here!"

'Dirty traitor...' The growl grew louder and bounced against my ribs.

He gingerly sniffed around the corner as he turned it, but didn't yield.

'Mousebrain...' A smile crawled up on my face. I could see his round grey furry head poking around the corner looking straight ahead.

'He has no idea how close to death he is.' I was getting ready to slink right into his blind side.

'But first.' I looked at Ashfur seeing that his eyes were finally closed; I gently moved his head onto my shoulder with my paws.

'*There now my weight will be balanced perfectly with this swipe.'* I released Ashfur and stared down at my claws and then to Boulder's neck as my pupils became slits.

"Dead leaves nothing is here, but dead leaves!" He complained and his body wrapped around the edge as he moved closer unaware of my presence. Then to my surprise he smiled.

'Why are you smiling?' I narrowed my eyes. '*You have no right to...., but that will not matter in a second.'* I laughed to myself. *'I'll make sure you'll never smile again.'*

"Hello, is anyone here?"Boulder said calmly and looked in my direction.

'Soon there will be one less of us here.'

"Scourge." He exclaimed joyfully, making my pelt prick and eyes widen.

"How dare you announce my name like I'm you're friend." I hissed and he didn't even flinch (I hated it).

"Who's the cat on you're back?" He asked padding up to me completely ignoring my last words that were dripping in venom.

"It's none of you're concern." I mewed flashing my teeth and he sniffed Ashfur.

"It smells like the forest..." Boulder opened his mouth to let the scent wash over his tongue. "I do smell Tigerstar on this cat..."

"The scent is not the only thing Tigerstar left him with." I said

angrily and his eyes widened.

"Is it hurt?" Boulder asked concerned extending his head out of the fluff of fur on his neck.

'Why would he be concerned for any cat out of his clan?'

"What do you think!" I said fired and he just padded towards me like he magically lost his fear.

"Is that why you're carrying him?" He asked another stupid question.

'Fucking stupid half brained questions.' I groaned throwing my neck up.

"No, gee! I'm just carrying him because I am his stead and I'm bringing him to the magical place of pixie dust and fairies and all of that gooey-gooey crap!" I said sarcastically.

Boulder just laughed, "There is no need for sarcasm, Scourge."

"Stop saying my name so calmly. You should be terrified of me!" I hissed and jumped towards him; astonishingly keeping Ashfur stable.

"I do not fear you, Scourge." Boulder pressed. "But I still have respect for you."

A fire was building in my stomach, "You should fear me like all the other cats in Blood and in the forrest! Respect is not as greatly valued as fear is!"

Boulder exhaled softly, "It is better to be loved than to be feared."

"The forest cats are filling your head with garbage!" I spat causing his ears to flatten.

"This is exactly why I left Bloodclan, Scourge!" He retorted making my pelt prick.

"You left BloodClan because you were weak!" I yelled and he

growled deeply.

"If I was weak how I'm I still alive?!" Boulder mewed while intruding my personal space.

I sighed heavily and looked at Ashfur's pained wrinkled expression.

"I can't deal with you're fucking shit right now you two faced trader!" I motioned my tail at Ashfur. "I need to deal with him now."

"Scccourge...?" Ashfur mewed doozy picking his neck up slightly.

Boulder's pupils dilated, but he still wore that goofy grin, which brings me even more frustration. "Is that Ashfur?!" He said excitedly causing my claws to hide between my toes.

"How do you even know him?" I asked a little less threatening and his face just seemed to beam at my question.

"I would see him at the gatherings." Boulder sat and tucked his tail in.

"The gatherings?" I pressed and Boulder nodded.

"The forrest cats have these gatherings where every clan in the forrest would meet and discuss the survival of every clan." Boulder's tail began to gently brush the ground swinging back and forth and my eyes narrowed.

"That is the most idiotic idea I've ever heard of." I mewed rudely and Boulder rolled his eyes.

"Listen Scourge, I could help him." He put his paw on Ashfur's shoulder. "Let me help him."

"How will you possibly help him?" I scoffed.

"I've seen the medicine cats in my clan deal with these wounds before." He mewed confidently.

I laughed, "What the hell is a medicine cat?" Boulder clearly looked offended.

'*Success*.' I smiled to myself.

"It's a cat who takes care of sick or wounded clan mates-" I began to laugh harder.

"Th-that so stupid! Why would you have a cat that heals others! It sounds like a complete waste of time and effort. If they die they die! You must weed out the weak and sickly!" Boulder looked at me angrily and Ashfur let out a little pained groan.

"So you what him to die?" Boulder pointed to Ashfur with his tail making
guilt grip at my skin once again.

"No." I mewed as my smile faded into a frown hearing Ashfur's heart beat on my shoulder blade.

Boulder's ears perked back up, "That's what I thought."

"Shut up." I groaned, "Just tell me what I need to do..."

Boulder grinned, "First we need to find shelter." Then he sniffed the air. "It's going to rain soon, luckily for us."

"And why is that lucky?" I challenged.

"Well," He mewed. "We are going to need a lot of water for his wounds, and the moss in the gutters should absorb the liquid like a sponge, so this just makes it easier for us to transport it."

"I see..." I looked up at the gutters that clung to the walls and back to Boulder.

His eyes scanned the walls of the alley and found a large crack in the wall wide enough to fit a cat's body in. "There!" He pointed to his tail towards the large crack in the wall.

We both walked up to the opening, slipping our bodies in with ease as the world clouded in matted smells of another cat.

'Is that who I think it is?' My ear twitched.

To be continued...

Chapter End

Chapter 13: Rain

[image]

Scourge's POV

A plump she-cat laid relaxed against the red bumpy rock like surface with her head resting contently between her paws. She was a dark-colored cat with a snowy like muzzle.

'*Minty*.' I smiled at the sight of the she-cat, because she was carrying kits.

"This is the perfect place." Boulder mewed confidently with a twitch of his whiskers, causing Minty almost to brake her neck to get a look at our unexpected presence.

Her eyes beamed in astonishment at the sight of Ashfur and Boulder.

'I'll check on Minty once I've taken care of Ashfur.' I thought turning back to Boulder.

"Put him down here." Boulder insisted and I bent down leaning to the side, causing Ashfur to slide off of me and slide onto the ground on his back.

Boulder didn't even look at Ashfur.

'Was it that bad?' I wondered, then I remembered feeling a sudden chill on my back when I released him before.

'What was that?' I reached my paw over my shoulder to rub my back, and I felt something gooey.

'Is that?' I pulled my paw from my back to look at it. My paw was blood-soaked and the smell was not as welcoming as it used to be.

Instinctively, looked over my shoulder to see my jet black fur on my back besmirched in the sanguine fluid.

'Fuck, Ashfur...' My paw was shaking and my face shrouded in horror as I looked at him.

The blood continued to flow out of his cuts, creating a thin pool of blood under him.

'Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.' I rushed to his side without thinking, stepping in the thin red pool that now soaked all my pads.

"Uhhhg..." Ashfur groaned with his eyes looking up to me in distress. "Scr-"

"Go to the gutters and bring me back balls of moss." Boulder commanded now looking blankly at Ashfur. Then he pointing his tail towards the exit.

"No." I refused with a sour tongue. "I'm not going to leave him alone with anyone, but myself..." Boulder's face turned in confusion at my words. "Well, don't just look at me like I have nine heads, leave!" His pelt jumped, but bowed his head in what looked like loyalty.

"I do not abide by you," He denounced. "my loyalty lies with the Warrior's Code, and seeing this Thunderclan warrior; I imagine my own clan mates in his condition, and that drives me with all my being to help."

"Get out." I snarled at Boulder while staring into Ashfur's blue begging eyes.

"You care the same for him the same way you cared for Bone, didn't you?" Boulder noted causing my heart to stop and my eyes closed.

'I will not listen to this! He has no place in mentioning his death...' I opened cold icy eyes slightly.

"Go!" I hissed. "Leave me alone and fetch the god damn moss!"

My own head bowed looking at ripples around my paws in the pool of blood surrounding Ashfur

'*No place.'*

"I'll be back in a couple minutes. Just keep him awake and don't allow him to shut his eyes." Boulder then left without saying another word.

"Scr-Scrouge." Ashfur mumbled causing my head to jerk up.

"Don't close you're eyes yet, let's talk." I mewed urgently and he smiled and chuckled chuckled weakly.

"I've b-been thro-through worse... I-" I put my one of my claws under his chin.

"For a forest cat," I laughed timidly, "you are not as pathetic as the others."

Ashfur coughed but continued to smile, "D-Do I get a reward or something?" His mew was edged in sarcasm.

'I like the way he thinks.' I playfully pushed his shoulder gently.

"You just impress me." I mewed like I was spellbound and he cleared his throat.

"And-d how do I-I impress you?" He mewed with humorous interest. My body and mind froze.

'Why do I feel this way? I don't understand! It feels so wrong! I like it though...'

"Well," I sighed taking my claw away from under his chin to my side. "Even though you are beaten down... You're still kicking, and I would admire that in any opponent, it tells me you have been through a lot." Ashfur's smile faded and his head turned away from me.

"Y-You have no idea..." He mewed darkly and that is when it hit me.

'I didn't mean it like that! I'm horrible when it comes to recognize the emotions of others.'

"Ashf-" I was interrupted by Boulder returning with the balls of moss hanging from his jaws

"I'ma backa!" He announced standing at the entrance to this crevice and dropped the balls of moss at his feet.

Ashfur turned his head towards Boulder and it was like his eyes were given new life at the sight of the moss balls.

"I'm going out again to forage for the herbs. In the mean time just make sure he is drinking." Boulder instructed and I walked over to him to retrieve the balls of water dampened moss. I reached for the balls of moss and made sure they were secure between my jaws.

"Good." Boulder sighed. "I'll be back soon, and make sure to support his head, because if not he may suffocate." He warned and left leaving me alone with Ashfur again.

I quickly made my way back to Ashfur, treading my pads in the pool of blood once more and sat next to him.

I put down all but one of the balls of moss to the side, so they would not get soaked it blood. I spat the moss ball that I kept into my right paw.

"Pl-Please." His mouth opened exposing his burn dried up tongue.

My left paw carefully made its way under Ashfur's head to support and lifted his head up until his chin touched his chest. His eyes were glued on the ball of moss in my paw.

"Alright." I mewed awkwardly. "Ready." He nodded without hesitation.

"Just give it to me..." Ashfur begged and I pressed the ball of moss up to his mouth.

I've never seen a cat beg so badly for water.'

He began suckling on the ball of moss with a strong desire. His eyes closed at the sudden burst of fresh relief at the fresh water entering his mouth. He almost bit off a large piece of the moss from the ball. He was just desperately trying to suck it dry.

I took the ball of moss away from his mouth and he sighed.

"Th-thank you." He mewed sincerely and I nodded, taking my left paw out from under him, letting his head rest and he closed his eyes.

Then Boulder came back padding towards us with herbs and he looked at Ashfur's wounds closely for the first time. The herbs dropped from his jaws.

"Dear Starclan..." Boulder whispered abashed at Ashfur's wounds. My pupils grew.

"What?" I mewed concerned and his eyes just grew wider.

"H-How did he survive that?" Boulder sat next to Ashfur and put his paw on his forehead.

"What do you mean?" I sneered with my ears flattening, losing my patience while watching Ashfur's chest slowly rise and fall.

"Scourge..." He put his paw back at his side. "He should have been dead..."

"Dead?" I shook my head. "I don't understand..."

Boulder softly laughed, "I don't either, but somehow he is alive." I watched as he touched his nose to Ashfur's left ear. "He is very cold though..."

'Why did he survive?' My stomach sank like there was a large rock in it, weighing me down, so I sat.

"How is that possible?" My ears perked back up. "If he was to die, then why didn't he, why did he feel no pain until now?"

'Ashfur was more strong willed then I thought to show little signs of a painful struggle when Tigerstar inflicted him. He didn't complain once...'

He softly laughed, "I'm just as confused with this as you are. His body must have just gone into shock, it's a
miracle."

The heavy rock that I felt in my stomach became colder.

"A miracle?" I huffed. "You got to be kidding me."

Boulder lifted his muzzle away from Ashfur's ear. "I know you won't believe it Scourge, but I think-"

"Miracles don't exist." I grunted interrupting him . "There is no such thing."

"It had to be Starclan!" He urged, but then something it me snapped.

My pupils quickly shrank into narrow slits. "How have you become so naive?" Boulder just stared at me with indifference.

"You've become blind, Scourge." He mewed softly, and his eyes followed mine.

"STARCLAN HAS DONE NOTHING!" I argued. "I WAS ONCE YOUR LEADER AND ONCE YOU TURNED YOUR BACK ON ME YOUR THE ONE WHO BECAME BLIND!"

"I know you don't believe in their legends, but they are true." He went on.
"Can you think of another explanation?" He challenged and that just caused my temper to breed in his words.

"IT WAS JUST LUCK!" I protested and Boulder sighed.

Then I started to hear rain pounding on the walls outside.

"I don't have to deal with you." I pressed at Boulder and he sat.

"You don't have to. I'll just have deal with him." Boulder retorted motioning his tail towards Ashfur.

'*As much as I hate to admit it, he has me beat. I find no use in arguing.*'

I got back up on all four paws grunting, "I'm going outside."

"Ok." Boulder mewed now chewing the herbs into a poultice.
"Doesn't really matter to me."

I walked to the entrance of the crevice and poked my head out

letting the rain drops hit my head and the tips of my ears. I sighed but eventually walked out of the dry shelter fully, letting the rain claim my pelt, marking me with beads of water.

The water made the blood on my back ran off me, washing away the crimson stain. I watched the trail of blood flow with the small streams of water on the ground. I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply.

"I'm sorry Bone." I exhaled, "I'm so very sorry." My head dipped.

I stayed like that frozen in what seemed like centuries, but really it was only twenty minutes.

Cooled down and bathed of all the blood I reentered the crevice to find Minty.

I walked past a sleeping Ashfur as Boulder applied the poultices to his wounds.

I then traced her down to a corner in the crevice.

"Ah, hello Minty." I waved looking towards her stomach. "Expecting kits I see."

Her eyes were shadowed in fear as she tried to push away from me.

"Get away from me!" She was shaking at this point, which made me chuckle. I made my way to her and she was to frozen by fear to move.

I sat next to her as I stared with interest at her stomach. Lightly, I put my paw down on her stomach.

"Pl-Please, ScScourge." She stuttered.

"Keep quiet." I whispered emotionlessly and Minty bit her lip.

'I just want to check on the kits to see how many of them are there, and if they are alive or dead and the next generation of kits are important to me, because they are BloodClan's future. I do this with all the pregnant she-cats, but they always think that I'm going to rip their stomach open.

Heh, heh. I don't blame them.'

I pressed my ear to her stomach and heard five faint little heart beats. I pulled my head up and took my paw off her shoulder and back to my side. I sighed looking at her relieved face.

"Th-thank you, Scourge..." She muttered and I walked away from Minty to see how Ashfur was doing.

Chapter End
Hope you enjoyed the chapter and Happy Holidays!

A/N: Concerning The Book

Hi, guys. You really want this book to go on, so I will continue it.

I just got back onto Wattpad after months, so it is still sort of in a hiatus, but one thing is for sure, and that is this book is not getting canceled.

I am also finishing up high school, so I have finals that I need to prepare myself for, so just know that it is not going to be right away.

Thank you for all the support. :3